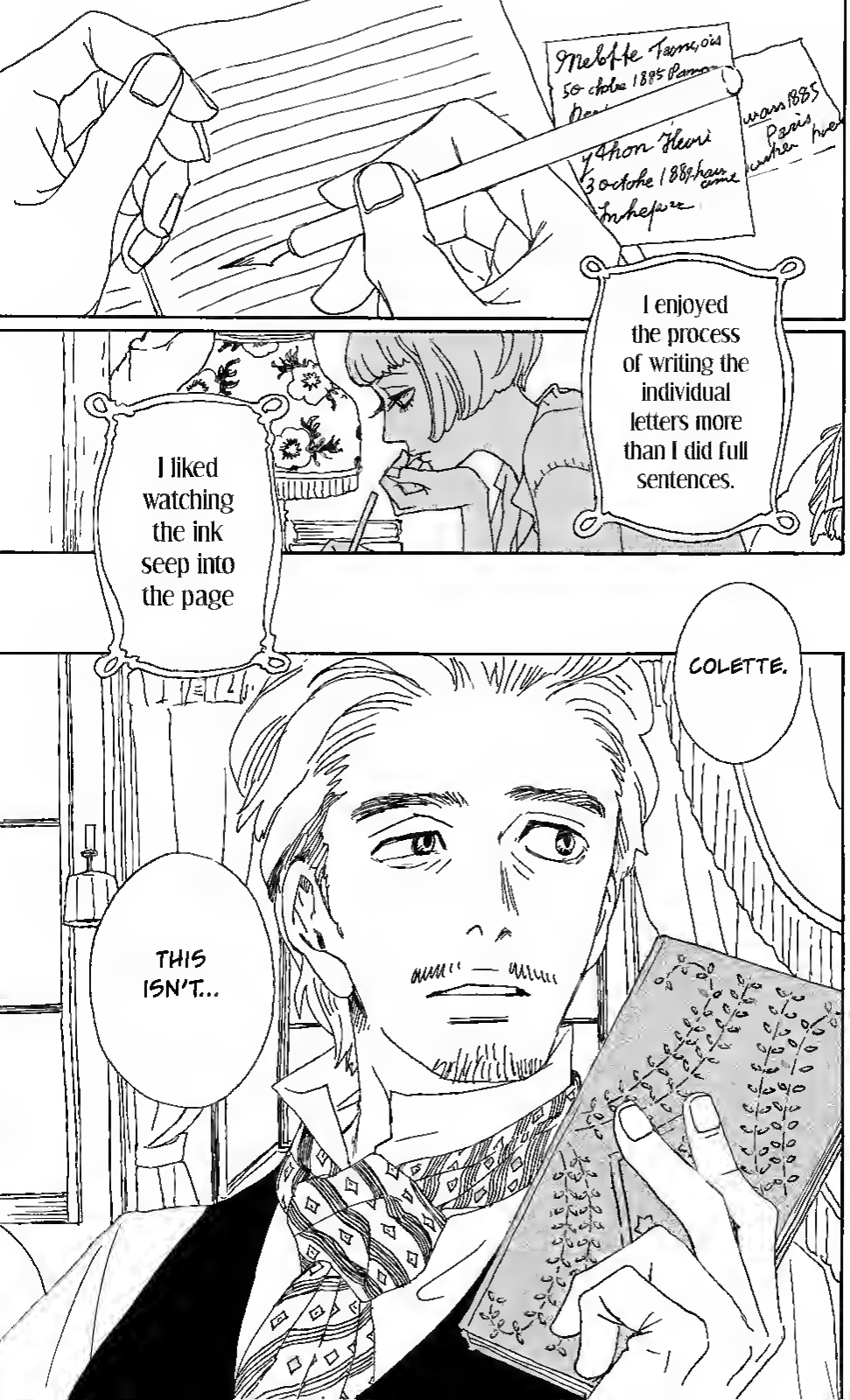
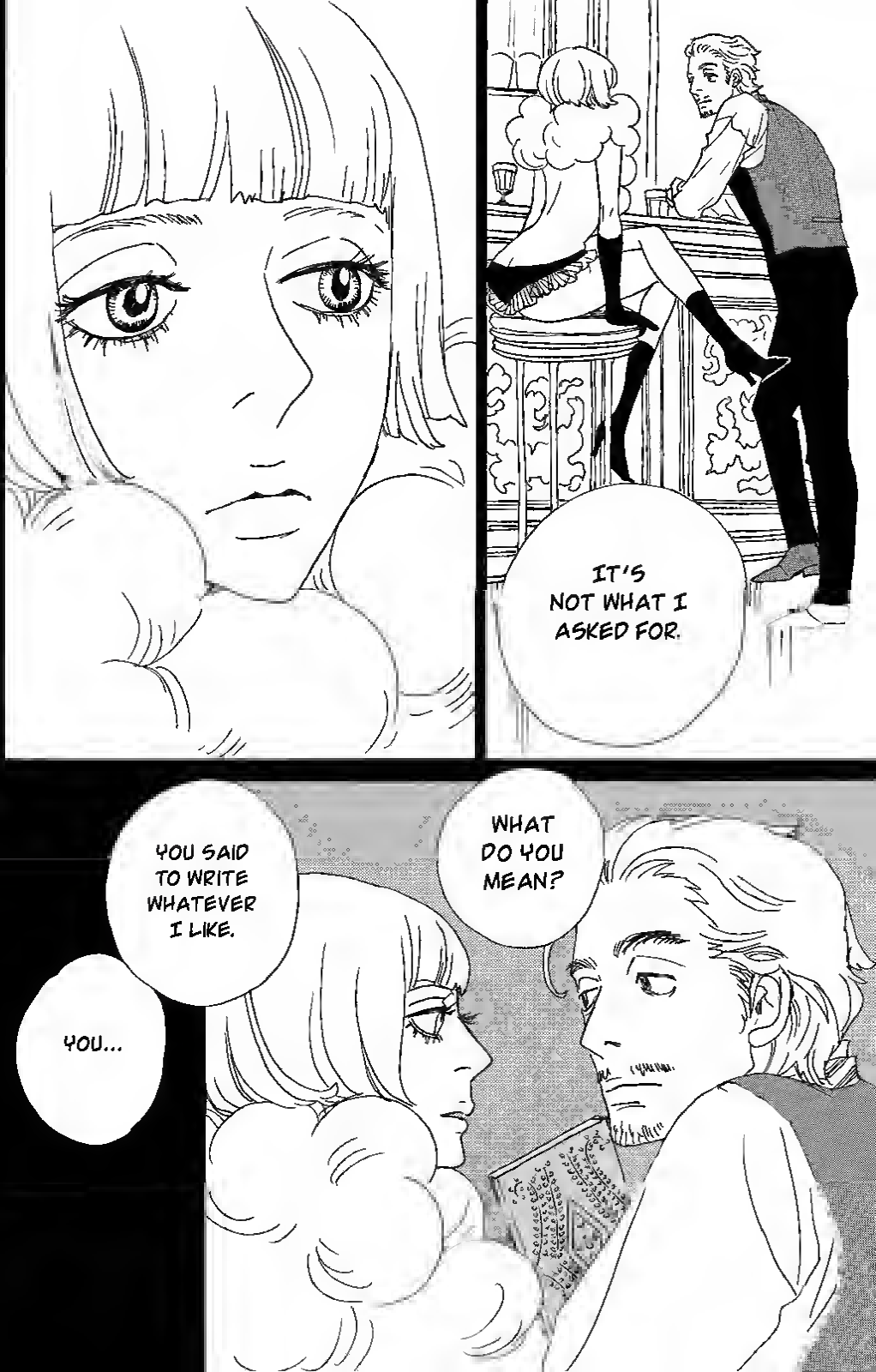
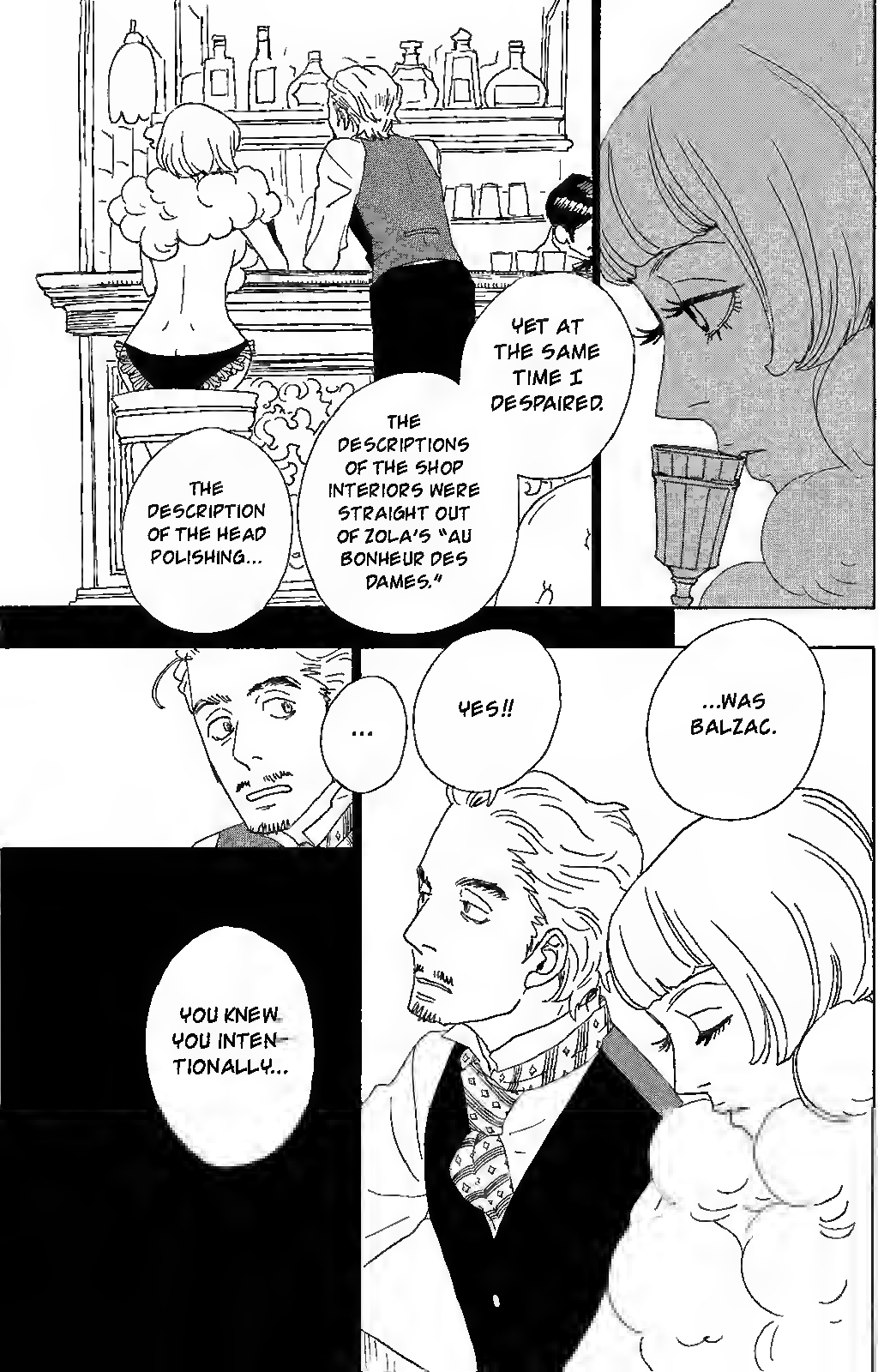

I enjoyed the process of writing the individual letters more than I did full sentences.
I liked watching the ink seep into the page
COLETTE.
THIS ISN'T...


IT'S NOT WHAT I ASKED FOR.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU SAID TO WRITE WHATEVER I LIKE.
YOU...

...COULDN'T READ IT.
I JUST...
YOU TRIED TO WRITE SOME SORT OF NOVEL.

Flap
... WHICH I DON'T NEED.
WOULD-BE NOVEL...
THIS FRANKLY SHODDY,
THE DIARY OF A WOMAN WORKING IN A BROTHEL.
I WANTED HONESTY. NO FRILLS.

BOTH STORIES WERE EXCELLENT.
FOR EXAMPLE, THIS STORY ABOUT THE MAN SHINING HIS FATHER'S HEAD...
...OR THE SILK MERCHANT WHO PRETENDS TO BE A BIRD.
Truth be told, deep down I'd known what this gentle Asian...
YOU WRITE THE EVENTS IN CLEAR ORDER.
IT IS READILY APPARENT WHAT HAPPENED.
NEARLY PROFESSIONAL CALIBER.
...would have to say.


THE DESCRIPTION OF THE HEAD POLISHING...
THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SHOP INTERIORS WERE STRAIGHT OUT OF ZOLA'S "AU BONHEUR DES DAMES."
YET AT THE SAME TIME I DESPAIRED.
YOU KNEW YOU INTEN-TIONALLY...
...
YES!!
...WAS BALZAC.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO NOT AT FIRST.
BUT I JUST COULDN'T MAKE IT WORK ON MY OWN.
SO I WROTE IT WHILE READING LEGITIMATE WRITERS' WORKS.
AND IT TURNED OUT VERY WELL.

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME WHAT I WAS DOING WAS SO BAD.
BUT...
I NEVER IMAGINED SUCH ABUSE FROM YOU.
I...
!

ARE YOU SATISFIED?
DID MAKING ME WRITE...
...ONLY TO MOCK MY LITERARY PRETENSIONS PLEASE YOU?
IT'S JUST...I'VE ESCAPED AND CAME SO FAR...
HOPED TO BE IN THE DIFFERENT WORLD....BUT MET YOU, WHO TORTURED ME TO READ ANOTHER WOULD-BE NOVEL...
IF I HURT YOU, I APOLOGIZE.

...I DIDN'T MEAN...
I'M SORRY IF I LET YOU DOWN.
BUT I'M KEEPING THIS.
...
Honestly, his words cut me deep.
I'LL COME AGAIN.
From that day forth, I wrote nothing about clients in that book.

Having lost the secret garden of writing, I was adrift, despondent.
Only then did I realize how much the habit had saved me, for that short time.
The argument with him over my prose left a deep shadow on my heart.
IT'S JUST HIS FETISH.
THAT ASIAN WANTED YOU TO SCOLD HIM, TO BE COLD TO HIM.

MM!
MM!
THAT HURTS A BIT, MIGNOT.
Oooh!
YOU MEAN...
HE'S LIKE YOU?
IN HIS CASE, IT COMES FROM SELF-LOATHING. DESPERATELY LASHING OUT AT THOSE AROUND HIM...
OH? WHAT NOW?
AAAA-AANNH!
OOOH...
GOOD MOAN!
YET PART OF HIM LONGS TO BE PUNISHED FOR IT. AAH!
COLETTE WATCHING GOT YOU ALL EXCITED?

AHHHH!
YES.
AHH...
AH...!
..THE STRING ON MY...
UNTIE...
MIGNOT, PLEASE...
WHEW...
This is Mignot's oldest client, a mathematician known as the Coffin Man.

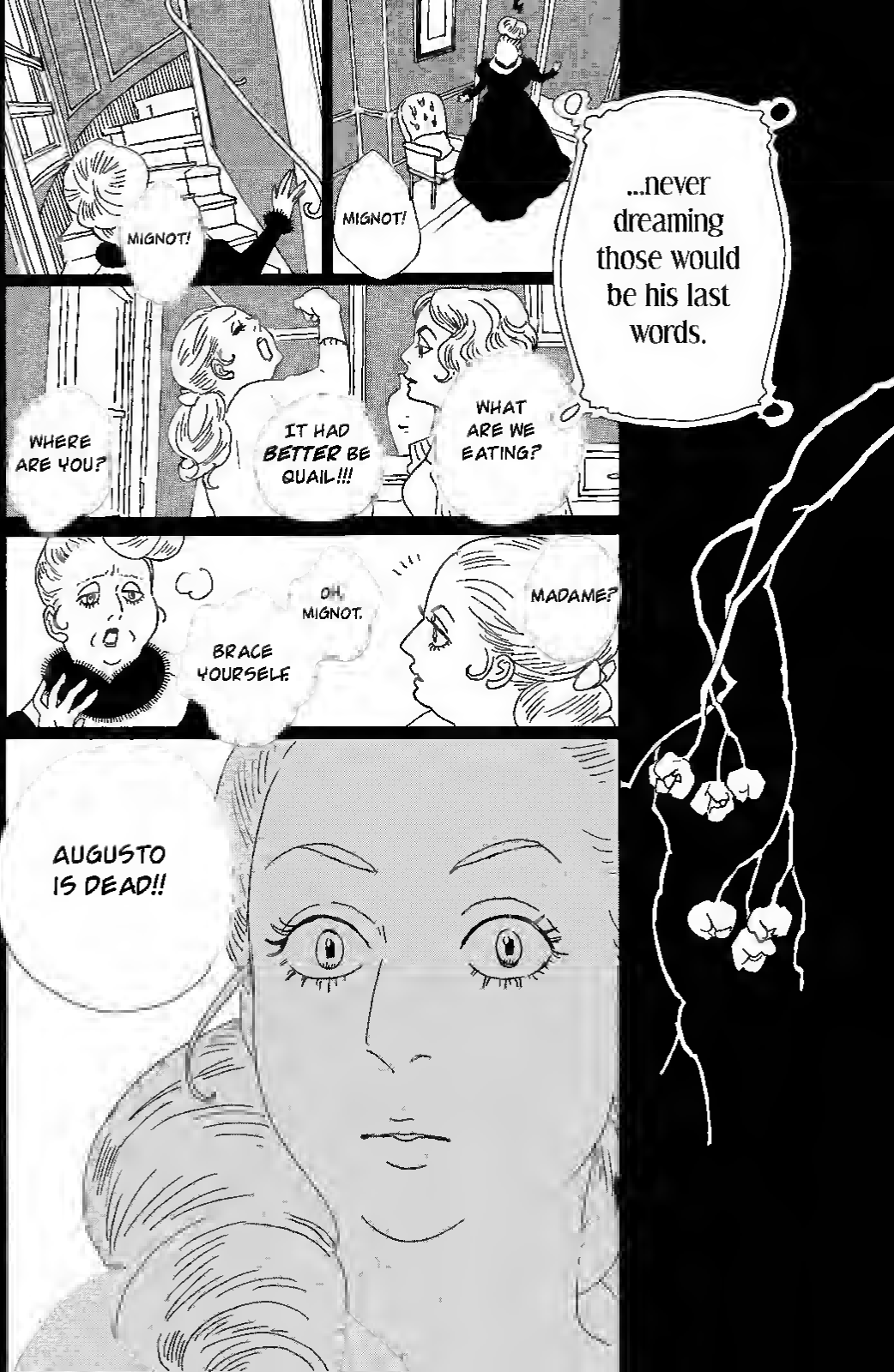
MM?
OH, RIGHT.
WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?
...
YOU WERE MAKING A POINT ABOUT THE ASIAN BEING INTO SEM.
RIGHT!
MIGNOT, EXPLAIN.
SO WHAT ABOUT YOU?
AND WHY "COFFIN MAN"?
NOT A SEXUAL PROPENSITY!
IN HIS CASE, HIS SORROW MAKES HIM WANT TO PLAY THE VICTIM.

HUH?!
flinch
DO IT YOURSELF.
R-RIGHT!
YES! CERTAINLY
IN MY OPINION, IF YOUR PLEASURE HAS A NAME, IT ISN'T A PERVERSION.
THEN...
THIS MAKES YOU...NOT A PERVERT.
HMM...
COLETTE

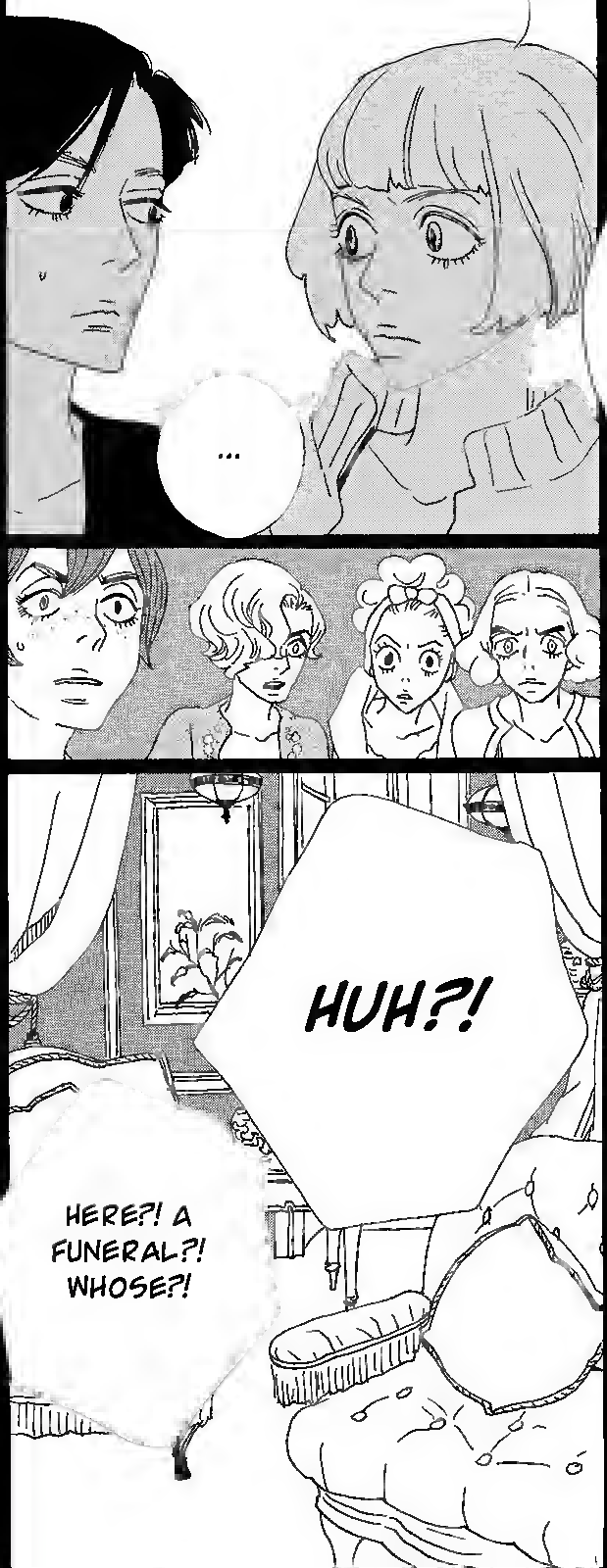
BASI-
CALLY...
LOTS OF MEN PLAY "DOCTOR," OR AT BEING A BABY, SO THESE HAVE NAMES.
WHAT I DO WITH HIM IS PROLONGED FOREPLAY.
MIGNOT: LET ME EXPLAIN...
ER PLEASE ALLOW ME
MM.
WHAT IS "NORMAL" IS NOT "PERVERSE."
THESE ARE "NORMAL" REQUESTS, HERE.
I SUP-
POSE.
THESE DESIRES ARE COMMON ENOUGH, CORRECT?

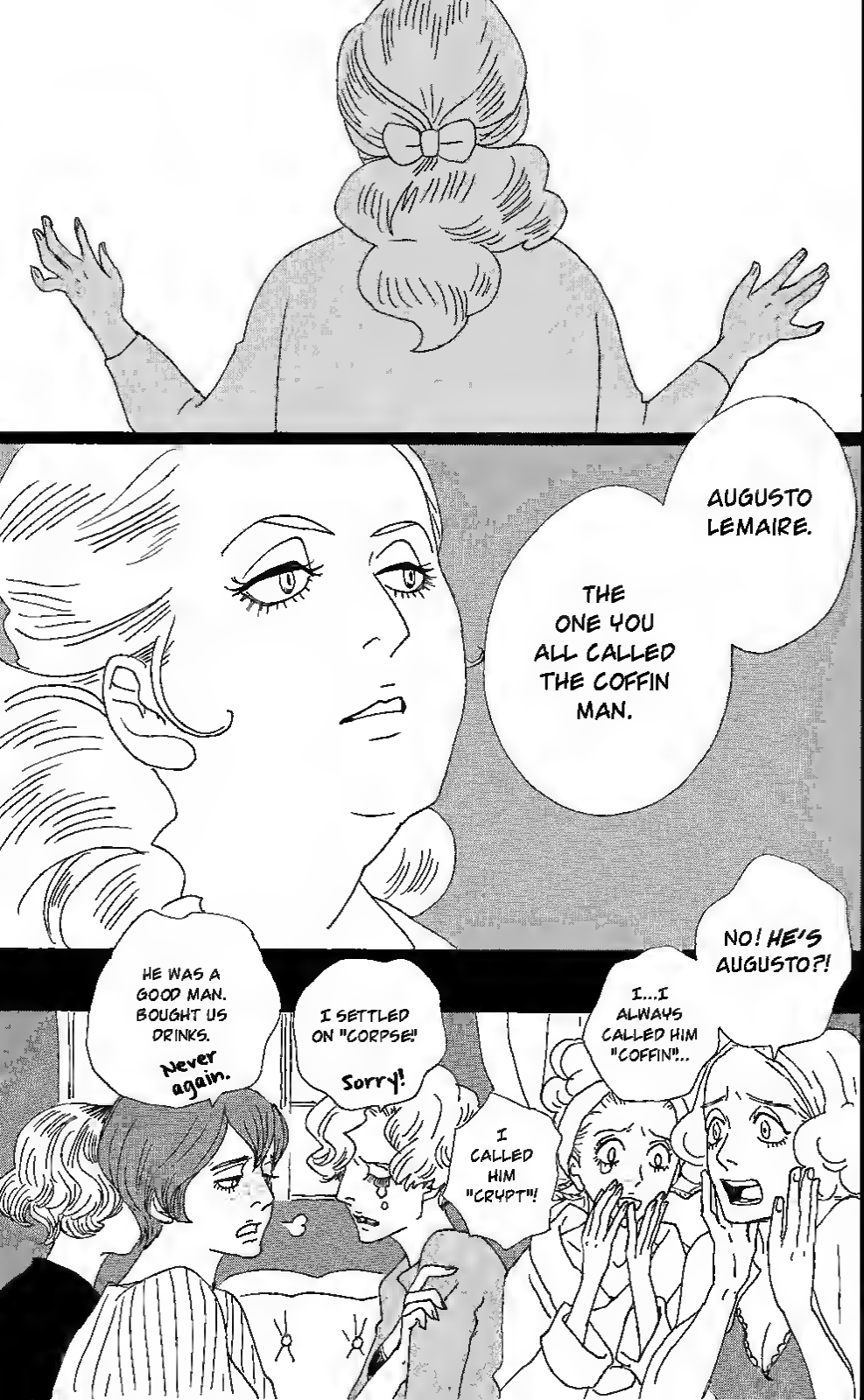
REAL PERVERTS...
...ARE PEOPLE WITH DESIRES YOU CAN'T NAME

...
...''are people with desires that can't be named.''
Desires...you can't name?
To perverts!
Rather than ask that question, I wrote a few lines in the book...
''True perverts''...


MIGNOT!
MIGNOT!
...never dreaming those would be his last words.
WHERE ARE YOU?
IT HAD BETTER BE QUAIL!!!
WHAT ARE WE EATING?
OH, MIGNOT.
BRACE YOURSELF.
MADAME?
AUGUSTO IS DEAD!!

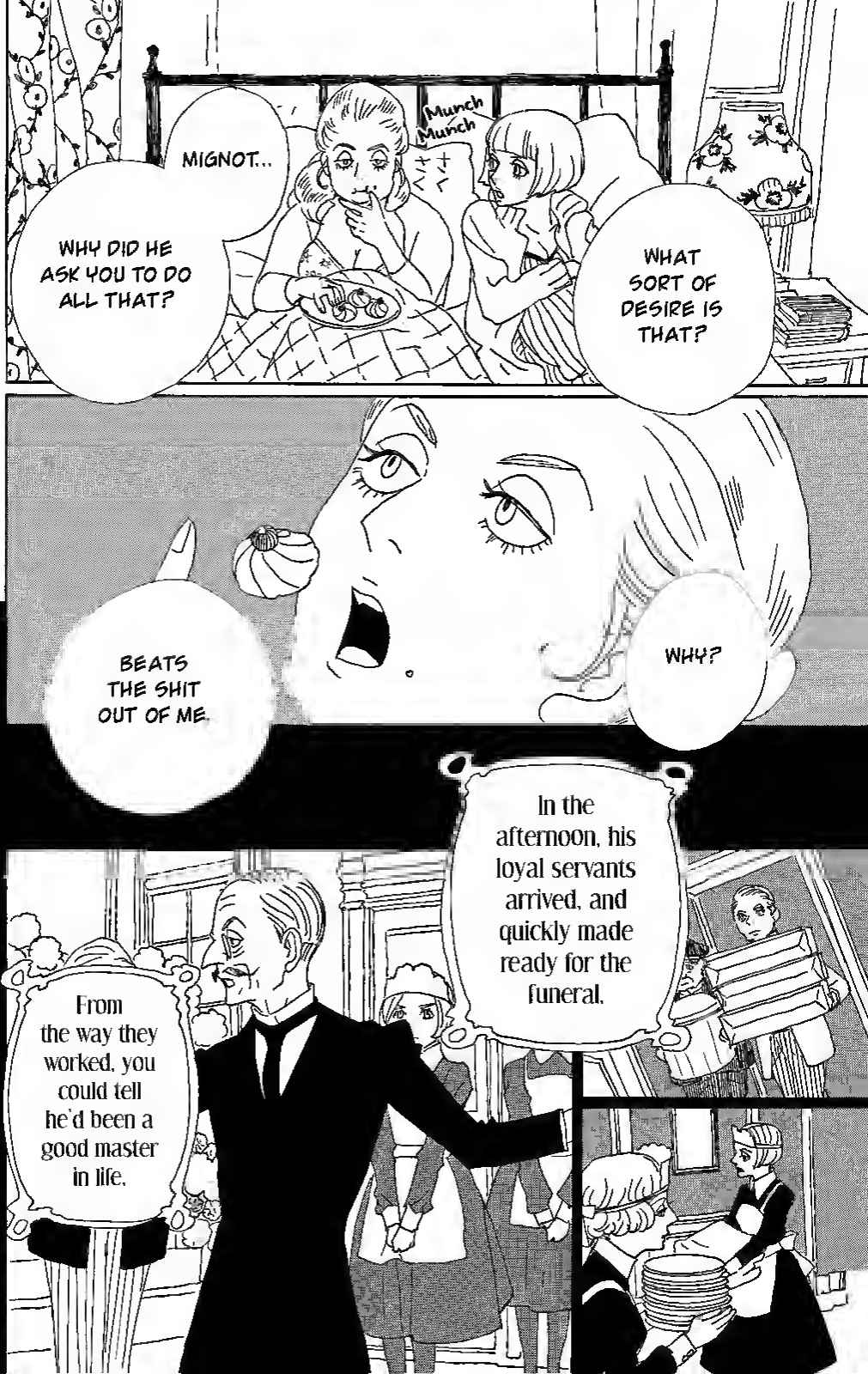
Augusto?
WHO?
SHAME. WHOEVER HE WAS.
LAST NIGHT...HE SLIPPED AND FELL ON THE ICE ON HIS WAY HERE.
Him.
Augusto.
HE HIT HIS HEAD, AND THAT WAS IT.
HIS SERVANT JUST CAME BY WITH THE NEWS.

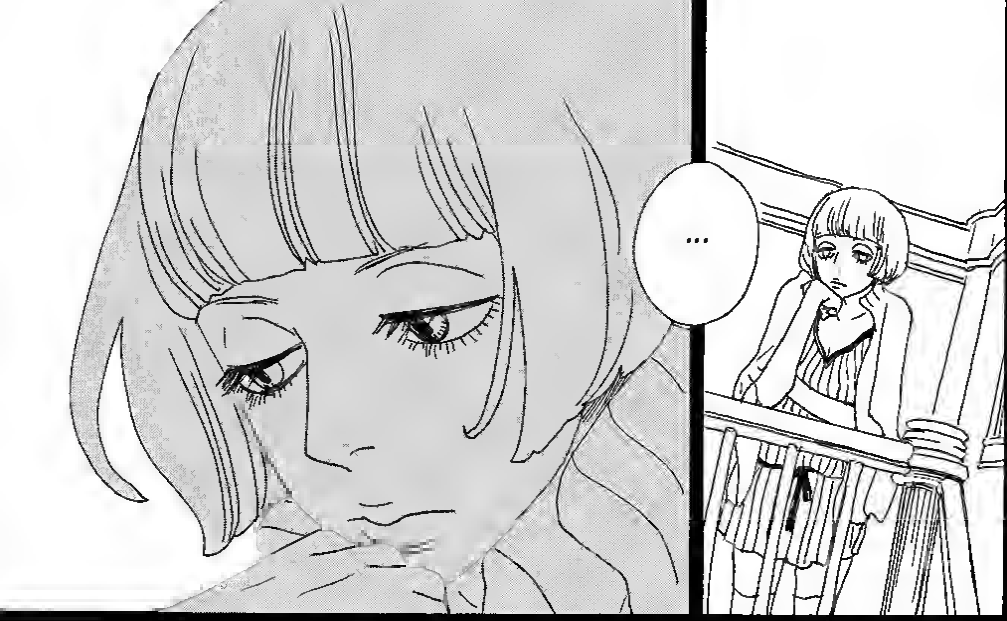

HIS DYING WISH...WAS TO HAVE HIS FUNERAL HERE!!
...
HUH?!
HERE?! A FUNERAL?! WHOSE?!


AUGUSTO LEMAIRE.
THE ONE YOU ALL CALLED THE COFFIN MAN.
NO! HE'S AUGUSTO?!
I...I ALWAYS CALLED HIM "COFFIN"...
I CALLED HIM "CRYPT"!
I SETTLED ON "CORPSE!"
Sorry!
HE WAS A GOOD MAN. BOUGHT US DRINKS.
Never again.

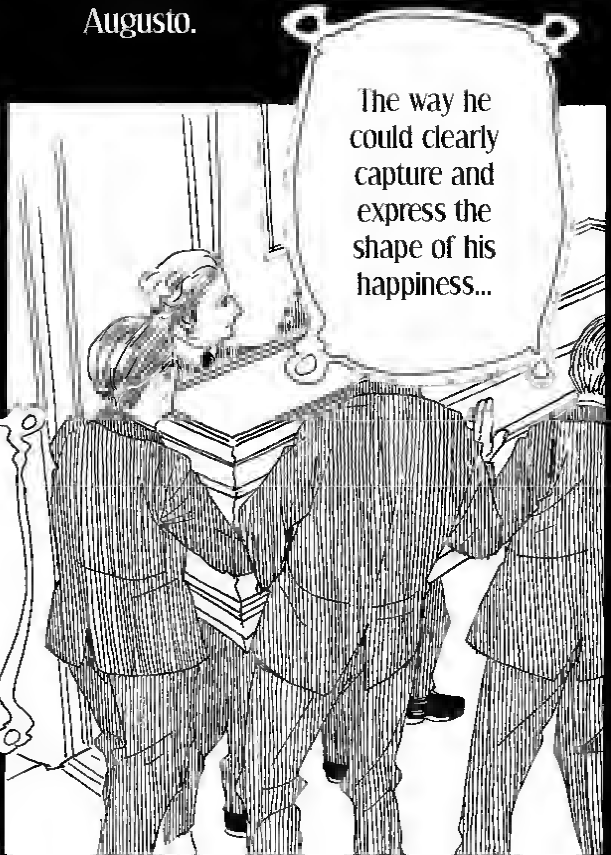
Oh? He was important?
OF COURSE, AS AN IMPORTANT MAN...
...THERE WILL BE A PROPER PUBLIC FUNERAL TOMORROW AT THE ...GLISE SAINT-ROCH.
EVERYONE, HELP GET READY!
SO OURS WILL BE TONIGHT!
YOU WEREN'T SURPRISED...
YOU KNEW?
BUT...
THAT WAS ALWAYS THE THEME WITH HIM.

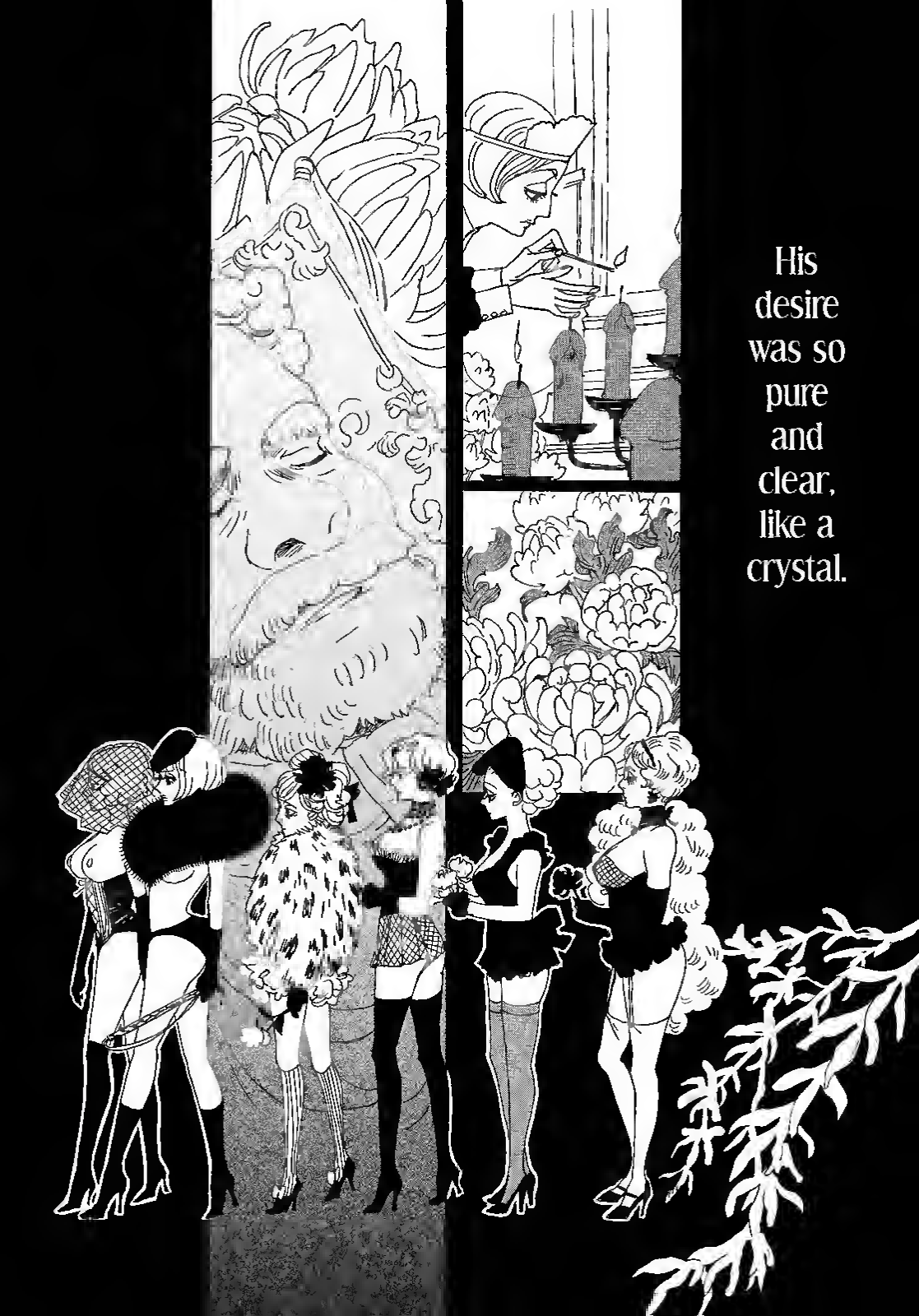
HE WANTED ALL THE CANDLES TO BE RED, AND SHAPED LIKE COCKS.
HE MENTIONED IT OFTEN.
WITH A RED BANNER READING "SEX MANIAC" ON HIS COFFIN.
HE WANTED TO DIE IN A BROTHEL, AND BE MOURNED THERE.
Banner: Sex Maniac
—Please, Mignot.
SO MOST OF OUR GAMES WERE BASED ON THAT.
"IF YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR FUNERAL HERE, WE'D BETTER STRETCH THAT ASSHOLE!"
"YOU DON'T WANT TO PISS IN YOUR COFFIN, DO YOU?"


MIGNOT...
WHY DID HE ASK YOU TO DO ALL THAT?
Munch Munch
WHAT SORT OF DESIRE IS THAT?
BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF ME.
WHY?
From the way they worked, you could tell he'd been a good master in life.
In the afternoon, his loyal servants arrived, and quickly made ready for the funeral.

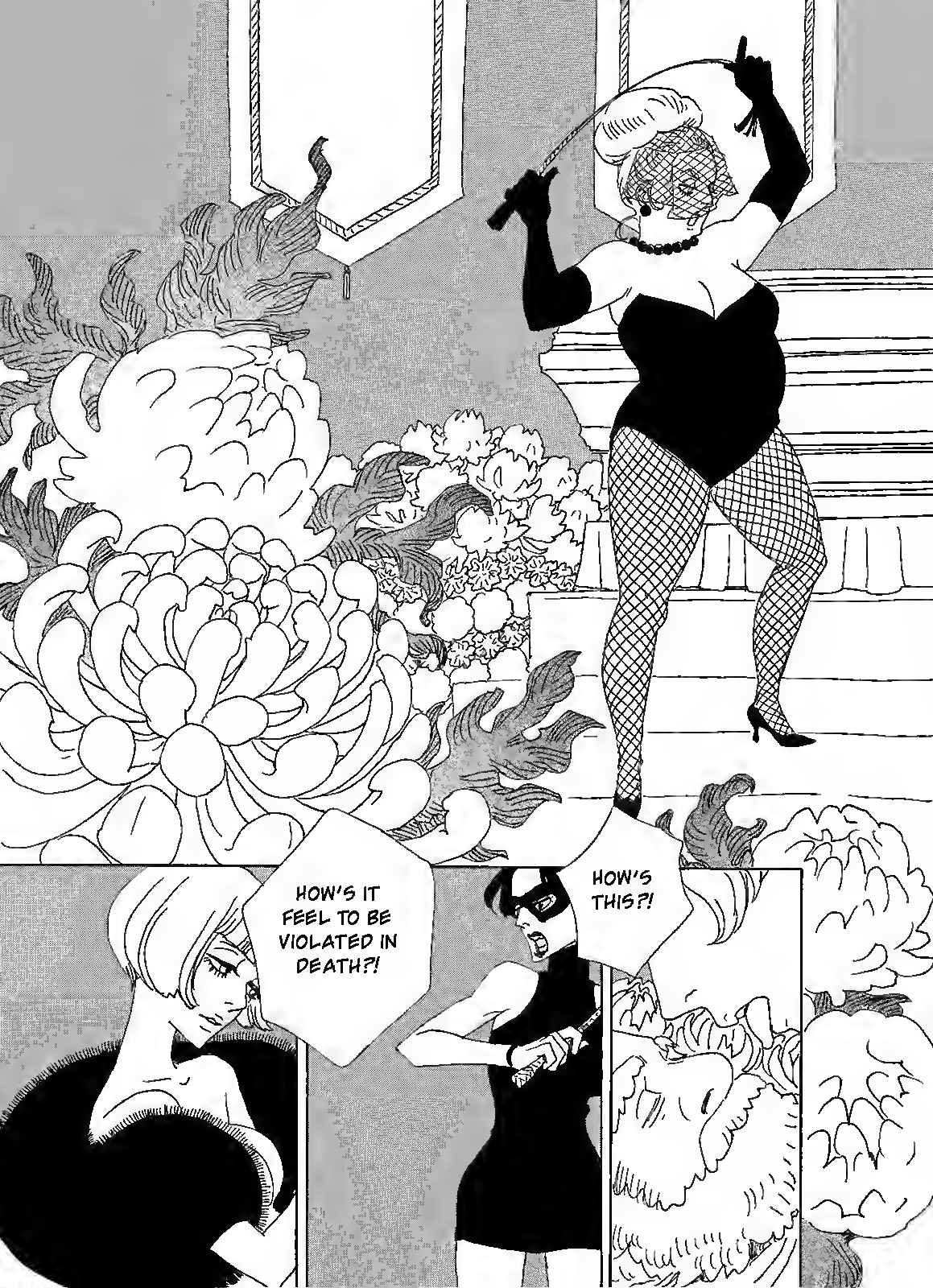


I was jealous of Augusto.




His desire was so pure and clear, like a crystal.

LET US BEGIN THE FUNERAL...
...OF THE PERVERTED SINNER, AUGUSTO LEMAINE.
LET THERE BE DISCORD!
MORE!


HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE VIOLATED IN DEATH?!
HOW'S THIS?!

COFFIN MAN!
Our display showed no fear of God.
That had been Augusto's desire. This was the final stage of his game with Mignot.

And...
I wanted to
know...

What had he longed for?
I DON'T KNOW.
What had he really desired?
HE'S DEAD. CAN'T ASK IF HE WAS SATISFIED.
AND..
...WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.